

A few Verses for a few Friends



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A Few verses for a few friends

by James Thomas
Fields



THE WRITER OF THESE VERSES

Inscribes them

TO HIS FRIEND,

E. P. W.



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YOUTH'S SONG.

THE pale moon-crescent in the azure slept,
And odorous violets mingled with our
talk,—

Anon the bells from all the turrets swept
A flood of music down the perfumed walk—
Hurrying the golden hours—
The tremulous, golden hours—
The wingèd, passionate hours.

Then Time began his joyous course to run,
Zoning the fragrant earth with grace supreme ;

Thenceforth our heaven has held a liberal sun,
Freighting our voyage of love o'er life's
clear stream—

Leading the golden hours—
The tremulous, golden hours—
The fleeting, fleeting hours.



THE OLD YEAR.

THE white dawn glimmered, and he said
“’Tis day !”

The east was reddening, and he sighed
“ Farewell ”—

The herald Sun came forth, and he was dead.

Life was in all his veins but yestermorn,
And ruddy health seemed laughing on his lips ;
Now he is dust, and will not breathe again !

Give him a place to lay his regal head,
Give him a tomb beside his brothers gone,
Give him a tablet for his deeds and name.

Hear the new voice that claims the vacant
throne,
Take the new hand outstretched to meet thy kiss,
But give the Past—’tis all thou canst—thy
tears !



ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF KEATS'S HAIR.

DEAR relic of a bright immortal name,
Forever young, and canopied by fame,—
I touch thy beauty with a tremulous thrill.

Oft in the columned city, when night's still
And starry-vestured hours seem prone to weep
Where Keats is laid in moon-enfolded sleep,
Among the daifies shrouding his loved bones
Mid Death's mosaic,—green turf and white
stones,—

I've heard the song-birds with their music pass
Above their nested brother in the grass,
And thought with joy, and tear-suffused eyes—
No serpent, now, lurks in his Paradise,
No venomous tongue can reach him with its
hate—

Wrapped in eternal quiet with the great !



FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the old Cathedral resting,
Two coffins press the stones ;
One holds the great King Ottmar,
And one the poet's bones.

High in his power, the monarch
Ancestral glories led ;
The sword lies in his right hand,
And the crown upon his head.

The minstrel near the proud king
Is laid in quiet sleep,—
His lifeless hands enfolded,
His gentle harp to keep.

Castles and towers are falling—
The war-cry thrills the land,—
But the sword it moveth never
In the dead king's hand.

Through valleys, sweet with blossoms,
Mild breezes float along,
And the poet's harp is sounding
In never-dying song.





AN INVITATION.

THE warm wide hills are muffled thick with
green,

And fluttering swallows fill the air with song.
Come to our cottage-home. Lowly it stands,
Set in a vale of flowers, deep fringed with grass.
The sweetbrier (noiseless herald of the place)
Flies with its odor, meeting all who roam
With welcome footsteps to our small abode.
No splendid cares live here—no barren shows.
The bee makes harbor at our perfumed door,
And hums all day his breezy note of joy.

Come, O my friend! and share our festal month,
And while the west wind walks the leafy woods,
While orchard-blooms are white in all the lanes,
And brooks make music in the deep, cool dells,
Enjoy the golden moments as they pass,
And gain new strength for days that are to
come.



TO —, ON A LATE LOSS.

I KNOW your grief,—for death has walked
Through all the chambers of my heart ;
And I have sat, like you, and watched
My idols, one by one, depart.

We come not of that crowd, my friend,
Who tell their sorrows far and near,—
Who name aloud, with frequent sigh,
The loved one laid upon the bier.

Take my warm tears ! I may not speak
When next I grasp your trembling hand,—
What need of words, heart-brother dear ?
My silence *you* can understand.



MARIAN IN HER CELL,

AFTER THE MURDER.

YOU looked across the meadows
At the red sun in the West,
And the wood was full of shadows,
But my head lay on your breast—
And your words were low and sweet,
And our hearts in music beat.

You spoke,—I only listened—
(Blest hours without alloy,)
You sang,—my tear-drops glistened,—
I was dumb and blind with joy.
Could I hear your bridal bell—
You in Heaven, and I in Hell!

Could I stop the cursèd blade,
At your throat so warm and white—
Where my loving fingers played.
With the moonlight through the night?
Could I *think*, and hold the steel!
Could I *pause*, and *live* to feel!

By the hallowed lips of God
There is Murder on your soul!
As I knelt upon the sod
Where the death-black waters roll,
I could hear the angry flood
Calling, hoarsely, “*Blood for Blood!*”





FOR THE INAUGURATION
OF FRANKLIN'S STATUE IN HIS NATIVE CITY.

GIVE welcome to his sculptured form !
Art's splendid triumph here is won,—
Thus let him stand, in light and form,
Our sea-girt city's greatest son.

His lineage sprung from honest toil,
Swart Labor trained his youthful hand ;—
High with the brave who freed our soil—
Where first he breathed let FRANKLIN stand.

His genius stamped the Press with power ;
His glance the glowing future saw ;
His science curbed the fiery shower ;
His wisdom stood with Peace and Law.

The world his story long has shrined,—
To Fame his spotless deeds belong—
His homely Truth, his ample Mind,
His Saxon hate of human Wrong.

Room for the gray-haired patriot-sage !
For here his genial life began ;—
Thus let him look from age to age,
And prompt new Thought ennobling Man.





MOONRISE AT SEA.

A CHILD SPEAKS.

COME up ! the moon is rising fast,
The sea is calm, the deck is clear :
Come, mother, stay no longer here—
The moonlight will not always last.

Do you remember once you talked
With me of Christ upon the sea ?
Now hearken, for this seems to me
The shining path where Jesus walked !

And when the silvery brightness came
Along the sparkling waves to-night,
My heart leaped trembling at the sight,
And then I spoke our Saviour's name.

I should not fear his holy will,
If now he stood in yon bright place,
And I could see his blessed face,
And hear him whisper "Peace, be still !"





SPRING, AMONG THE HILLS.

SIT and talk with the mountain streams
In the beautiful spring of the year,
When the violet gleams through the golden
sunbeams,
And whispers "Come look for me here"—
In the beautiful spring of the year.

I will show you a glorious nook
Where the censers of morning are swung ;
Nature will lend you her bell and her book
Where the chimes of the forest are hung—
And the censers of morning are swung.

Come and breathe in this heaven-sent air
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales,

Come and forget that life has a care,
In these exquisite mountain-gales—
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales.

O wonders of God! — O Bounteous and
Good—

We feel that thy presence is here,—
That thine audible voice is abroad in this wood
In the beautiful spring of the year,—
And we know that *our Father* is here.





WORDSWORTH.

THE grass hung wet on Rydal banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked,
To meet midway the summer morning.

The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shining,
As through the porch the minstrel stepped,
His eye sweet Nature's look enshrining.

He passed along the dewy sward,
The bluebird sang aloft, "Good morrow!"
He plucked a bud, the flower awoke
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

He spoke of all that graced the scene
In tones that fell like music round us ;
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound us.

We listened with mysterious awe,
Strange feelings mingling with our pleasure ;
We heard that day prophetic words,—
High thoughts the heart must always treasure.

Great Nature's Priest ! thy calm career
With that sweet mornⁿ on earth has ended ;
But who shall say thy mission died,
When, winged for heaven, thy soul ascended ?





WRITTEN

AFTER HEARING MRS. KEMBLE READ "THE TEMPEST."

THOU great Enchantress, walking hand in
hand

With him of Avon, nursed in Albion's
isle,—

Whether we meet thee on the sea-beat sand,
Or gilding old Verona with thy smile,—
Welcome ! thou fit attendant on his fame,
Whose glorious thoughts reëcho still his name !

Illumed by thee, those deathless pages glow
With added lustre naught but Genius gives :
Thou speak'st ! thy melting tones their music
throw

Along the lines, and lo ! swift Ariel lives,
And sings, and, darting, drinks the silent air,
Then, fading, floats away,—we wist not where !

Thou bidd'st us forth where'er his fancy reigns :
Through verdurous Arden now we watch
thee roam,—
Anon, thou call'st us to the Roman plains,
As if those dusky haunts had been thy home.
Where'er thou wilt, thou lead'st us, wonder-
ing, on,
Bound to the magic of thy beckoning tone.

Thou great restorer of departed breath !
O, front to front with him couldst thou but
stand,
His spirit, wafted from the halls of Death
Back to its old domain, thy native land,—
How would our hearts with warmest rapture
stir,
To hear that voice applaud his sweet Inter-
preter !





ON A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES,

SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

TO him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and Glory clustered in her
streets,
And poised her marble domes with wondrous
skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
Such spoils we capture where the rainbows
drop,
Melting in ocean. Here are broideries strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden
hair,
And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.

From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we
take

These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
Note now the painted webs from verdurous
isles,

Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival tints like those,
Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.

Such our Gift,
Culled from a margin of the Western World,
And offered unto Genius in the Old.





BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,—
“ We are lost ! ” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
“ Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land ? ”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.





LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

“ALL the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing :
Let me leave this stifled room,
Let me go where flowers are growing.

“Look ! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low :
Ere my fight begins to fail
Take my hand, and let us go.

“Was not that the robin’s song,
Piping through the casement wide ?
I shall not be listening long :
Take me to the meadow-side.

“ Bear me to the willow brook ;
Let me hear the merry mill ;
On the orchard I must look
Ere my beating heart is still.

“ Faint and fainter grows my breath,—
Lead me quickly down the lane :
Mother dear ! this chill is *death*,—
I shall never speak again ! ”

Still the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing ;
Still we sit in silent gloom,—
O'er his grave the grass is growing.





ON A PAIR OF ANTLERS,

BROUGHT FROM GERMANY.

GIFT from the land of song and wine,—
Can I forget the enchanted day,
When first along the glorious Rhine
I heard the huntsman's bugle play,
And marked the early star that dwells
Among the cliffs of Drachenfels !

Again the isles of beauty rise ;—
Again the crumbling tower appears,
That stands, defying stormy skies,
With memories of a thousand years,
And dark old forests wave again,
And shadows crowd the dusky plain.

They brought the gift that I might hear
The music of the roaring pine,—
To fill again my charmed ear
With echoes of the Rodenstein,—
With echoes of the silver horn,—
Across the wailing waters borne.

Trophies of spoil ! henceforth your place
Is in this quiet home of mine ;—
Farewell the busy, bloody chase,
Mute emblems now of “auld lang syne,”
When Youth and Hope went hand in hand
To roam the dear old German land.





THE SONG QUEEN.

LOOK on her ! there she stands, the world's
prime wonder,
The great Queen of Song ! Ye rapt musicians,
Touch your golden wires, for now ye prelude
strains

To mortal ears unwonted. Hark ! she sings.
Yon pearly gates their magic waves unloose,
And all the liberal air rains melody
Around. O night ! O time ! delay, delay !
Pause here, entranced. Ye evening winds,
come near,
But whisper not ; and you, ye flowers, fresh
culled

From odorous nooks, where silvery rivulets run,
Breathe silent incense still.

Hail, matchless Queen!
Thou, like the high white Alps, canst hear,
 unspoiled,
The world's artillery (thundering praises) pass,
And keep serene and safe thy spotless fame !





ON A PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.

“**P** AINT me as I am,” said Cromwell,
Rough with age and gashed with wars ;
“ Show my visage as you find it,—
Less than truth my soul abhors.”

This was he whose mustering phalanx
Swept the foe at Marston Moor ;
This was he whose arm uplifted
From the dust the fainting poor.

God had made his face uncomely,—
“ Paint me as I am,” he said ;
So he *lives* upon the canvas
Whom they chronicled as *dead* !

Simple justice he requested
At the artist's glowing hands,
"Simple justice!" from his ashes
Cries a voice that still commands.

And, behold! the page of History,
Centuries dark with Cromwell's name,
Shines to-day with thrilling lustre
From the light of Cromwell's fame!





THE ALPINE CROSS.

BENIGHTED once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,
“ *The path is lost !—to move is death !* ”

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,
The howling winds came fiercer down :
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear,
“ *I see the Cross !—our way is clear !* ”

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose ;

Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveller's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal fight ;—
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade ;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
“ *The Alpine Cross I see again !* ”
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast !





A POOR MAN'S EPITAPH.

HE was not what the world counts rich,
Houses and lands had none in store ;
But blessed with strength for honest toil,
He neither asked nor strove for more.

His neighbors moved in higher ranks,
And far above him all could shine ;
He lived with Health, and brave Content,
And water drank instead of wine.

“ Enough for me,” he said, “ if here
My table’s spread when hunger calls,
To leave me something for a friend
Whose lot than mine still lower falls :

“ And if the rainy days should come,
And I’ve no silver hoarded by,
How can I want, if Him I trust
Who feeds the ravens when they cry ?

“ Around my board a place I’ll keep
For pallid lips that pine in woe,
And better gifts than I impart
Shall unseen angel hands bestow ! ”

See where he sleeps who served mankind,—
Who wept and watched with weeping eyes !
Walk round his grave with reverent steps,
For there a more than hero lies.





VESPERS.

Trinità de' Monti, Rome.

ARISE! the sun-clouds warn us it is time.
The door swings open, let us enter here :
Up the steep steps with noiseless foot we
climb,
As if they led to some celestial sphere.

Listen! the nuns are gliding in unseen ;
And now begins the low, heart-melting strain.
Your tears are falling,—let them fall,—nor
screen
From me your eyes ;—I know that sad, sweet
pain.

Again, again that penitential wail !
Your clasped hands tremble ;—now the voices
die.
Let us go hence ;—your quivering lips turn
pale ;—
Hushed is the hymn so like an angel's sigh.

The day is fled ;—these walls are not our home ;
Forth in the breeze of evening let us stand.
Come ! lean on me as we descend to Rome,
From what has seemed the angels' spirit-land !





OUR FIRESIDE EVENING HYMN.

HITHER, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here ;
Watch round, and shield us through the night,
That every shade may disappear.

How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky !

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round,—
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground !

O, ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love, may night begin,—
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.





RELICS.

YOU ask me why with such a jealous care
I hoard these rings, this chain of filken
hair,

This cross of pearl, this simple key of gold,
And all these trifles which my hands enfold.
I'll tell you, friend, why all these things become
My blest companions when remote from home ;
Why, when I sleep, these first secured I see,
With wakeful eye and guarded constancy.
Each little token, each familiar toy,
My mother gave her once too happy boy ;
Her kiss went with them ;—chide me, then, no
more,

That thus I count my treasures o'er and o'er ;—
Alas ! she sleeps beneath the dust of years,
And these few flowers I water with my tears !



THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

TWO pilgrims to the Holy Land
 Passed through our open door,—
Two finless Angels, hand in hand,
 Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight,
 Through floods of drowning tears,
And felt in woe's bewildering night
 The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
 Their bleffèd feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
 Which called them both to God.



SACO FALLS.

RUSH on, bold stream ! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound ;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play,
In welcome music, far away.
Dash on, bold stream ! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'Tis night in heaven,—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And thundering down the river's bed
I see thy lengthened, darkling form ;

No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low,—each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wing, and gone to rest,—
And still I hear thy waters play,
In welcome music, far away.

The earth hath many a gallant show
Of towering peak and glacier bright,
But ne'er beneath the glorious moon
Hath Nature framed a lovelier sight
Than thy fair tide, with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And o'er the bridge the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play,
In welcome music, far away !





THE DEAD.

*“ Still the same, no charm forgot,—
Nothing lost that Time had given.”*

FORGET not the Dead, who have loved,
who have left us,
Who bend o’er us now, from their bright homes
above ;
But believe—never doubt—that the God who
bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still
love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds
cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears ;—
Other joys may be lost, but their names should
not perish
While time bears our feet through the valley of
years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to
remember

The last look of life, and the low-whispered
prayer?

O, cold be our hearts as the ice of December
When Love's tablets record no remembrances
there.

Then forget not the Dead, who are evermore
nigh us,

Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted
bed;—

In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by
us;

Forget not the Dead! O, forget not the Dead!





A SILENT SERMON.

ONCE as I wandered, just at close of day,
Through the mute aisles of Rome's cathedral gray,
No other footstep broke the stillness there,
Nor whispered vows, nor solemn-breathing prayer.
Alone, half trembling at the twilight gloom
Which shrouds the temple, as it shrouds the tomb,
I stood, unwarned, before an infant's bier,—
No mourners nigh, no mother's frantic tear.
A little child, unshrined by priest or hymn,
Lay in the proud cathedral vast and dim :
Its pallid hands, cross-folded on its breast,
Seemed like an infant's left in sleep to rest ;
Unwept, untended, there in death it lay,
A silent sermon wrapped in lifeless clay.

What living voice could speak with so much
power,
As those dead lips in that still evening hour?
Priests, censers, anthems, there no feeling shed,
When face to face the living meets the dead!





THE FOUNTAIN,—BOSTON COMMON.

YON fountain Nymph, now sparkling
 through the trees,
In earlier seasons wooed the mountain breeze.
There, 'mid the torrent, nursed in thunders loud
From the dark bosom of the stormy cloud,
Or gentler fed, when Summer's showery train
In drops of music poured the welcome rain,
Her lot was cast, content to glide along,
Lulled by the ripple of her own sweet song.
The Indian maids, her playmates, passed away,
And still she waited for a brighter day,
Till, all matured, she rose at Duty's call,
And stepped a Naiad in her charmed hall,—
Sprang, crowned with grace, the monarch Elm
 beside,
And stood in radiant light, his young enchanted
 bride.



SUMMER EVENING MELODY.

GO forth ! the sky is blue above,
And cool the green sod lies below ;
It is the hour that claims for love
The halcyon moments as they flow.

The glowworm lends her twinkling lamp,
The cricket sings his soothing strain,
And fainter sounds the weary tramp
Of footsteps in the grassy lane.

Go forth, ye pallid sons of care !
Too long your thoughts to earth are given ;
To-night sweet music haunts the air,
And fragrant odors breathe of heaven !



SLEIGHING SONG.

O, SWIFT we go, o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round ;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along,
Across the fleeting snow ;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below !

O, the raging sea has joy for me,
When gale and tempests roar :
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.





VILLAGER'S WINTER-EVENING SONG.

NOT a leaf on the tree, not a bud in the
hollow,
Where late swung the bluebell, and blossomed
the rose ;
And hushed is the cry of the swift-darting
swallow,
That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented
brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened
the vale,
And the vine, that uplifted its green-pointed
spire,
Hangs drooping and sear on the frost-covered
pale.

Villager's Winter-Evening Song. 57

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the

moon ;

Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its frolicsome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest-branches,

And gather about me, my children, in glee ;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me.





CHILDREN IN EXILE.

Two Indian boys were carried to London not long ago for exhibition, and both died soon after their arrival. It is related that one of them, during his last moments, talked incessantly of the scenes and sports of his distant home, and that both wished earnestly to be taken back to their native woods.

FAR in the dark old forest glades,
Where kalmias bloom around,
They had their place of youthful sport,
Their childhood's hunting-ground ;
And swinging lightly in the vines
That o'er the wigwam hung,
The golden robins, building near,
Above their dwelling sung.

Each morn their little dusky feet
Sprang down the sparkling lea,
To plunge beneath the glowing stream
Beside the chefnut-tree ;

And when the hiding squirrel's nest
They sought, far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking foreheads cool
Among the mountain rills.

They saw the early silver moon
Peep through her wavy bower,
And in her beams they chased the bat
Around his leafy tower ;
And, when the stars all silently
Went out o'er hill and plain,
They listened low to merry chimes
Of summer-evening rain.

These haunts they missed,—the city air
No healthful music brings,—
They longed to run through woodland dells,
Where Nature ever sings ;
And, drooping, 'mid the noise and glare,
They pined for brook and glen,
And, dying, still looked fondly back,
And asked for Home again.



COMMON SENSE.

SHE came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather ;
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn ;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, " Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."





TO A FRIEND.

GO, with a manly heart,
Where courage leads the brave ;
High thoughts, not years, have stamped their
part,
Who shunned the coward's grave.

Clear, to the eye of youth,
Their record stands enrolled,
Who held aloft the flag of Truth,
Nor slept beneath its fold.

They heard the trumpet sound
Where hosts to battle trod,
And marched along that burning ground ;
Fear not ! they rest with God.

Like them, advance in love,
And upward bend thy fight ;
Win Faith through Prayer ; He rules above
Who still protects the right.





DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep :
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above ;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love !



EVENTIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,
Seems better moved to praise ;
From us, what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days !—
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.



A BRIDAL MELODY.

SHE stood, like an angel just wandered
from heaven,
A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,
And little we deemed that to mortals were
given
Such visions of beauty as came from her eyes.

She looked up and smiled on the many glad
faces,
The friends of her childhood, who stood by her
side ;
But she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the
Graces,
When, blushing, she whispered the vow of a
bride.

We sang an old song, as with garlands we
crowned her,
And each left a kiss on her delicate brow ;
And we prayed that a blessing might ever sur-
round her,
And the future of life be unclouded as now.





A VALENTINE.

SHE that is fair, though never vain or proud,
More fond of home than fashion's changing
crowd ;

Whose taste refined even female friends admire,
Dressed not for show, but robed in neat attire ;
She who has learned, with mild, forgiving breast,
To pardon frailties, hidden or confessed ;
True to herself, yet willing to submit,
More swayed by love than ruled by worldly wit ;
Though young, discreet,—though ready, ne'er
unkind,

Blessed with no pedant's, but a *Woman's* mind ;
She wins our hearts, towards *her* our thoughts
incline,

So at her door go leave my Valentine.



SONG

OVER THE CRADLE OF TWO INFANT SISTERS,
SLEEPING.

SWEET be their rest ! no ghastly things,
To scare their dreams, assemble here ;
But safe beneath good angels' wings
May each repose from year to year.

Cheerful, like some long summer-day,
May all their waking moments flow,
Happier, as run life's sands away,
Untainted by sin, untouched by woe.

As now they sleep, serene and pure,
Their little arms entwined in love,
So may they live, obey, endure,
And shine with yon bright host above.



BURIAL OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT'S
CHILD AT SEA.

NO flowers to lay upon his little breast,
No passing-bell to call his spirit home,
But gliding gently to his place of rest,
Parting, 'mid tears, at eve, the ocean foam.

No turf was round him,—but the lifting surge
Entombed those lids that closed so calm and
 flow,
While solemn winds, like a cathedral dirge,
Sighed o'er his form a requiem sad and low.

Ah, who shall tell the maddening grief of love,
That swept her heart-strings in that hour of
 woe?—

Weep, childless mother, but O look above
For aid that only Heaven can now bestow.

Burial of an Emigrant's Child at Sea. 71

Gaze, blue-eyed mourner, on that filken hair ;—
Weep, but remember that thy God will stand
Beside thee here, in all this wild despair,
As on the green mounds of thy Fatherland.





M. W. B.

THEY tell me thou art laid to rest,
Companion of my happiest years !
That thou hast joined the loved and blest,
Whose early graves are wet with tears ;
That I shall never hear again
The voice that charmed my boyhood's ear,
Nor meet among the haunts of men
Thy honest grasp of love sincere.

Friend of my youth !, my buried friend !
Thy step was gayest in the ring ;—
My thoughts far back through childhood wend,
And can I now thy requiem sing ?
Alas ! I feel 'tis all in vain,—
Before such grief my spirits bow ;—
Farewell ! I cannot trace the pain
That weighs upon my heart-strings now.



ON A VILLAGE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

THE air is sweet with violets, and the
West

Robes in its evening splendor earth and sky.

Whoe'er thou art, here find repose. This spot,
In rustic beauty clad, woos thee to rest.

The tongue of Time calls from the gray old
tower,

And every leaf is whispering *Calm* and *Peace*.

Dear, welcome shrine! haunt of the good,
farewell!

Oft in my distant home, at twilight hour,
Alone and still, shall I recall this scene;—

The ivied porch, the steeple touched with light,
The hedgerows green, oaks that the centuries
crown,

The kindly voices Friendship newly gave,
The chime of waters musical and low,
And songs of birds careering up to heaven.



TO ONE BENEATH THE WAVES.

COME back from Memory's mourning
urn,

And bless my sight again ;
For now in restless dreams I turn
To clasp thy hand,—in vain !
I bid thy gentle spirit come
And look once more on me ;
But thou art slumbering where the foam
Rolls madly o'er the sea.

Alas ! how soon our better years
To tempest-winds are blown,
And all our hopes, and joys, and fears
Alike are widely strown !
She rests in yonder village mound,
Who should have been thy bride,
And thou art laid beneath the sound
Of ocean's flowing tide.



A CHARACTER.

O HAPPIEST he, whose riper years retain

The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain !
His eve of life in calm content shall glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean tide :
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day ;
No meteor lures him from his home astray ;
For him there glows with glittering beam on
high

Love's changeless star that leads him to the sky ;
Still to the past he sometimes turns to trace
The mild expression of a mother's face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.



IN THE FOREST.

THROUGH the proud aisles of old cathedral woods

What echoing voices break the solitudes!

At matin-hour go hear, on green hill-side,

Bells of bird-music ringing far and wide,

While mountain streams that burst their prison
crag

Run down the rocks and wave their snow-white
flags.

* * * * *





IN VENICE.

O'ER the waves gliding fings our gondo-
lier,—

Moonrise, high midnight, and the voice of song!
Never again, never again, O Queen
Of waters, may my feet the wide sea cross
That laves thy marble shores. . . . Take my
farewell.

To-morrow's sun must light the pilgrim onward,
For his home is in the West, that far-off land
Thy youth had never known.

What fings he now
Who guides this phantom bark to meet the
moon?

'Tis a brave chant of Bucentaur and Love,
Older than Taffo, or the Genoese
Who left his birthplace for the new-found isles.

The maids of Venice sang it to their lutes,
When Doges listened in Ausonia's prime!

* * * * *

Turn the prow homeward, for the daylight
hour

Stands waiting in the East. The night is ended,
And the song has died away forever.





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